

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Three Dollars a Year,  
in Advance.

No. 10.

## HER HAIR!

BY JAY J. SARGENT.

A form with every grace enriched; blue eyes so sweet and tender; a charming face, a floating step, that naught but health could lend her; a wide, full curve on dimpled mouth, and ah! such silken laughter! But, better still, her glorious hair that's proudly flowing after.

Rich waving wealth of golden hue, low sloping from her shoulders; To catch the sun ray's brightest touch, and in its light grow bolder, Till, as the breeze, with fingers coy, plays in the sunbeams.

And tosses on its airy breath those curls in wild caresses.

Stay, wanton wind, thy careless hand! Be tethered in thy pleasure! Deal gently with my maiden hair, for 'tis indeed a treasure! No crown of queen, no gems of Ind, e'er gave such regal beauty—

Perhaps too sacred for my touch, 'tis not, free wind, thy bony!

And so I envy 'e'en the breeze that o'er all bounds transresses, To daily fare proached, I ween, amid those sunlit trees "from afar" I'll worship her in silent satisfaction, That maiden fair whose glorious hair is her first grand attraction.

## WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE;

OR,

## The Stolen Heiress!

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S VOW," "OAK-LANDS," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 7, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

## CHAPTER X.

A STRANGE BRIDAL.

Nina DaCosta slept soundly until late the next morning. When she did start up at last it was with such a bewildering remembrance of the past day that she still fancied herself laboring under some strange dream.

She had been sleeping in hay-ricks and under cow-sheds on the greater part of her journey, and now to be in a sheeted bed, with a warm fire blazing on the hearth, was more than she could realize.

She got up, untied her bundle, and put on her best dress, and then she sat down before the fire with a low laugh.

"And to think I might have had this always," she said, "but for those two. Can any one wonder that I hate them? I might even have it now, but that the thought of seeing them *chained* for their crimes is sweeter than all the luxuries of life. And Caspar Lenox! What very creatures of circumstances are we, that he, the soul of honor, the proud, chivalrous boy, should by the treachery of a woman become an outlaw, burning to commit the worst of crimes! The first time I saw him with Arnold Leslie, I would have imagined from his bearing that the crown of a king could not have tempted him from the rigid path of duty. Yet now, renouncing to the world his very name, he bears concealed in his belt the murderous blade, ready to expiate his crime on the gallows if he may but say at last, 'I have punished the betrayer of Leonora Danvers.'

"Arnold Leslie, the son of a great rich man in his native city, found him a sprightly lad, struggling against the poverty that had cramped all his energies, and with a princely liberality had taken him to mighty universities as his friend and equal, never letting his left hand know that his right was dispensing such a charity.

"You will pay me back," the young nabob had said to the young genius, and Caspar Lenox had sworn that he would. Now Caspar Lenox had dared to love Leonora Danvers, the beautiful niece and ward of another prince of that moneyed *bon ton* in America; and she, under bonds of secrecy, had promised him her hand as soon as he should have made an honest start in life; but on a visit to some gay resort, while Lenox worked at his profession, she met the princely patron, Leslie, and decided that he should be her destiny. She sent for Lenox one day, and told him that she loved his benefactor, who, however, would never see her again did he but dream that duty and honor were alike binding her to him, and she prayed him to secure her happiness by pretending that he and she had all the while been but friends. I shall never forget his look when he answered, 'You are free, Leonora; I must secure Arnold Leslie's happiness at any sacrifice of my own. Selfish as I was I must have had more feeling than she, for I dropped a tear to his sorrows even then, while she married Arnold Leslie the very next day. But I, too, still had my hopes. Louis Dupre would return to his allegiance, and I shall be eternally blessed.'

"I am sure the fates must have pursued us to avenge the wrongs of Caspar Lenox. Our clever lady became involved in scandals. Leslie grew insanely jealous; she with the nature of Anne Boleyn,



"Captain Graham killed!" repeating the words like some one striving to comprehend an impossible truth. "Tell me that again," she whispered, hoarsely, "and your fortune shall be made."

and he with much of the tyranny of Henry VIII, and from loving he must have learned to hate her with all the intensity of his nature. Their fierce dis cords became known to all their friends; going on from bad to worse, until she was found murdered, as the evidence proves, by the very man who had once sworn to love and cherish her. Caspar Lenox knew, and it is to bring him to justice that he is now roaming the continents, while I follow to avenge the unnatural wrongs of Louis on that crew, Miriam!—

"Ah! you are up." It was her landlady who interrupted her in her reverie as she looked in. "Your breakfast has been ready quite a while, and when you are done the gentleman wishes to see you."

The woman's breakfast was a hearty one. She had learned to be selfish, and her idea was that since she must pay for what she ate, it would be well in her to consume the full value of her money; and when she had finished, she tied the remnant in a bundle.

"This is to be my dinner," she was saying, when Caspar Lenox came in.

"So you are thriving to-day?" he began when they were alone. "What do you intend to do?"

"I shall find something," she answered, "Never fear for me; I have not lived all these years for nothing."

"I have been at work," he returned, roughly, "at work with brain and body. I find that a vessel in port starts in a few hours for the West India islands. I had appointed a rendezvous there with Gordon in case I failed elsewhere. It is much nearer the continent of America. Would you like to go?" My means are limited, for those who once professed to care for me have no means to help, and must have imagined me dead these many months, but I think I can manage it if you will be content to fare roughly. We might help each other; but to do this one thing is necessary."

"And what is that?"

"The world must believe you my wife."

"What?" she cried, aghast.

"Ah, ha!" he laughed; "we have no tender feeling for each other, and so there is no danger of either of us growing foolish. I wish you to have a right through the law to claim my name. There is no chance of either of us wishing to marry any one else, I presume, so we can go around here to some of these churches and have the legal part of the ceremony over in a few moments. Then we go our separate ways, unless the purposes of our mutual revenge call us together. To pursue our plans thus is necessary. What say you?"

The woman seemed to hesitate.

"I am sure, mamma, you might take her on trial," whispered the elder of the daughters. "We were just in despair about our cousin. We can keep every thing under lock and key until we find her out."

"Don't be a fool," growled Lenox. "Do you think my regard for you prompts me to this? Woman, you are less to me than the dust beneath my feet, except where you might help me to my revenge! I am sure I shall need you, and you might as well have died on the road yesterday, so far as your being able to overtake Miriam Dupre alone is concerned. You will never do it."

"Don't give her that name!" cried Nina, springing up. "She has no right to it, under heaven! Call her Miriam Rose still. Let her disgrace the name her false father gave her, not that. Come, I hesitate no longer. Do as you will, only enable me to find her. Come to the church or the gallows, I care not which it be."

This was what he wrote:

The box is well nigh unsearched. I have seen titles of my enemy and of yours. They are with the rest of the world, I am suspected, where they might be seen, the post and to win fresh names over the grave of an unknown as

grace; but we will dig it up, and cast the death's head before them when they least suspect it. As an *ostrich* which, as you feel, and has never been known to move, and when even, whom even you would not believe, though I, too, had begun to imagine her capable of almost anything.

"Will you come now, or wait?" he said, simply, as they went back.

"Wait," she answered. "Were there no other reason, I should not dare permit you, Caspar Lenox, to pay for me on the way, unless assured that I could serve you. Heaven would cast me out for food to the sharks if I did. No, as you said, go on your way, and let me go home, until I meet me. I shall work for you in Cuba. If the master still prompts you, come; but that thou dost so quickly."

By this time Nina had won a fair reputation. She had heard of an American gentleman on the eve of embarking with his family for Jamaica. She applied at once, and procured the position of nurse on the voyage. They reached their destination in safety, and Nina crossed at once into Cuba.

She found Caspar Lenox prepared to sail for New York the next day.

"I could not have waited for you," he cried. "Arnold Leslie has at last been arrested; but she, I fear, has secured a position where we will find it next to impossible to reach her."

They had landed in New York just three days previous to the return of Eugene Danvers and his beautiful wife.

## CHAPTER XI.

OVERLAW.

Arnold Leslie had been dead to the world for eight years past.

One year after his marriage he had lost his fortune, and, overcome with shame, had studiously renounced the name he had inherited from his ancestors, and removed with his wife to a distant city.

Their friends, or those who had been such, believed, and, perhaps, hoped that they were both in their graves, with the exception of Captain Gordon or James Graham, Caspar Lenox and one or two others whom we may presently introduce.

In this city, Arnold Leslie had been always known as Wallace Dare. Here, some two years previous to the opening of our story, his wife had been found dead, under circumstances which pointed emphatically to him as the perpetrator of the deed. He had, naturally, fled from the pursuit of justice, but under the vigilance of Captain Gordon and his employes, it had at length overtaken him.

They all were aware of the fact that the name by which he and his crimes became known to the public had only been assumed within the last few years. Caspar Lenox knew that there were numerous and insuperable reasons why Arnold should suffer under his new name, rather than assume the old, or appeal to his former friends, and he himself would perish rather than have one word revealed that might open any possible avenue of escape.

Lenox hurried to Rochester, and found, to his dismay, that one of the principal witnesses was absent.

His friend, Ned Paine, who alone could give the required information was in— for a day or two. — was a country town some twenty miles distant, with no regular mode of conveyance except at long intervals. So Lenox procured a swift horse, and started off in hot haste.

Nearly two hours later he dashed at full gallop into the town. The good, easy-going inhabitants stared after him, as though they expected to hear the cry "Stop thief!" echoing from behind him. They could scarcely conceive the possibility of a rational man suddenly over the town at such a rate for any other reason than to escape a prison, or to fetch home a doctor for some dying member of his family. But Caspar

Lenox thought no more of these beholders than he had done of the wind that had whistled about him on the journey. He had stopped only once to inquire the way to a public hostelry, and on he sped until the doors of the inn were reached. Here he threw the reins to stable boy, and leaped to the pavement. The horse stood panting for breath and reeking with perspiration.

"Where is the master?" he asked, huskily. "This is as true a horse as ever bore rider. He must be carefully rubbed down and well fed."

"Aye!" muttered a groom to the stable boy, as Lenox turned towards the office. "True, indeed! for had I been the horse to bear such a rider, I should have dashed him among the trees like another Absalom, until he would have been glad enough to take a gentleman's pace. The 'master' would see you whistling before you'd ride a horse of his like that."

Caspar Lenox stepped up to the head groom and delivered the animal, with renewed instructions.

"When will you use him again, sir?" asked the man.

"Possibly in a few hours, perhaps not before daylight. I cannot say. Only have him in readiness." He had moved off a few paces, when he turned suddenly and spoke again. "It is more than probable that in an hour from now I shall wish to obtain of you the fleetest horse and the surest messenger to bear some intelligence of the utmost importance to the sheriff of the county at Rochester. I will pay well."

"All right, sir, we can supply you." "I have come here as a stranger, to transact some business that must be done quickly. Do you chance to know the residence of one George Blount, a coachmaker here?"

"I know of George Blount, a bricklayer by trade," said the man, eying him rather more closely.

"Will 'a' bricklayer in God's name," said Caspar impatiently. "Let him be what you will. I care not for his profession."

"No, sir," muttered the groom, "for the less any honest man knows of him, in my opinion, the better. Now let me see." He continued, almost "a'flock" to the stable boy, "does not George Blount, the bricklayer, live at the white cottage on the hill?"

"Yes, sir,"

"Then, said the groom, "he has better go with you in sight. He can show you the house."

I warrant me the man whose business brought him here, if it be not his own, has a pretty tight rope around his neck to send him at that speed," muttered the master, "for it was not love that brought him, I'll swear, and I don't think that it was for money."

Meantime, Joe, the stable boy, trotted briskly on, in some terror, lest the horseman's heavy boots should scrape the skin from his heels, as the stranger kept immediately behind.

"How came you to know the house?" asked Caspar, at length, as he glanced down at the boy.

"I've been there," was the laconic answer.

"So, I suppose, you young varmint," said the master, hotly, as he fancied that he detected a lurking expression of mischief in the boy's face.

"George Blount must have gone down, indeed, to

have any need of you. What do you go there for?"

"To show the way, master."

Caspar Lenox raised his riding whip to strike him a blow, but as the boy had skipped nimbly out of reach, he prudently curbed his rash impulse, and forbore.

"No trifling with me, boy, as you value a whole hide. What did you ever do there?"

"Drove up the cow."

"And the cow was guided by an ass. Do you see the owner of the house—the bricklayer?"

"No," said the boy, looking innocently up the street.

"Fool! what is he like. Did you ever see him?"

"He is about your opposite, master; for he looks grimmer than he is, and you——"

"Boy, by the Lord Harry, you are trifling with the wrong man. I shall be provoked into thrashing you directly, until you will be more hurt than you ever were in your life. Play off your lame jokes on me again at your peril. And now see if you can hurry on."

The boy looked up at the man's darkened face, and seemed right glad to escape with the threat; for he took good care to keep out of arm's reach for the rest of the journey. He soon saw, however, that the stranger had grown oblivious of his presence, and followed, mechanically, wrapt in thought.

A little while and the stranger hailed him again.

"How far now, boy?"

"A couple of hundred yards, sir."

"Umph! I might have ridden, and brought you to take the horse back again. I was less fatigued climbing the Bernese Alps on foot. Do you know any one at the house we seek?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who?"

"The cook."

"The boy is a born fool," muttered Lenox, angrily; "yet he seems shrewd. Now, fellow, you don't chance to remember a certain Wallace Dare and his wife who once lived for a while in the house with them?"

"Don't I? Well I guess I do, though. It has been nigh on to three years now."

"Did you ever see the lady?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what was she like?"

"Like?" This time the boy's face was irradiated through the dirt that smeared it. "She was like an angel, sir; but a sorrowing angel, who had come out of heaven and could not get back again."

"The devil!" muttered Lenox. "His tongue runs without oiling when he wills it. Did you ever speak to her?"

"Yes, master."

"Ha! she took your milk, I suppose," he continued, with a sneer.

"No, sir; she took notes."

"What notes?"

"Notes from the young man with the beautiful horses. Mr.—Mr.—ah! I forgets."

"Did the people here say he loved the lady?"

"Duno' bout that," replied the boy.

"They said as how her husband treated her very hard."

"Well, the notes were for her; did she answer them?"



## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## SONG.

BY W. F. H.

Here is a glove that once was here:  
This is a ribbon that once was here,  
To hold back the tangled masses of curlis  
With such a carelessly graceful air.

There is the dress that last she wore:  
Here are the slippers her feet have pressed,  
Dear little feet, that we trust to-night.  
Walk in the mansions of the blest.

Here is her workbox. Let me look:  
Needles and thimbles are both in their place,  
And a handkerchief too, on which she had sewn  
Half-way around the lace.

Here are the songs she used to sing:  
Put them tenderly out of my sight;  
I wonder which of these sweet old hymns  
Our darling is singing in heaven to-night?

Throw back the shutters. Let in the light;  
Let the room be filled with the sunshine sweet.  
Then think how often the spot where we stand  
Has echoed the tread of an angel's feet.

It all is finished. Our work is done;  
Turn the key in the door, and come away.  
"Holy or Holier" is the spot,  
Let no one enter except to pray.

## FACE TO FACE;

OR,

## SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," "TWICE WON," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 3, Vol. 34. It can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

## CHAPTER XXI.

## A FIRST EXPERIENCE.

Mark, as he walked at the head of his men, looked almost young again. His eyes sparkled under his grizzled brows; his cheeks were in a glow of fire; his voice, when he spoke, came deep from his heaving chest—ringing, clear, emphatic.

"Ah," said he to Herbert, who was close at his side, "they may say what they like, this is life! When they want to make an end of old Mark, let them shut him up between four brick walls, and they'll soon stifle his heart out! Six foot under ground is all the bed he'll want when he can't get a bit of sport now and then. Why, it's nearer to my bones, and breath to my body, is this frosty air and keen excitement! You see, I was born a poacher, Master Herbert. I ought to have been a gentleman, and had my woods and preserves, and so forth, with plenty of money, to go hunting down adventures in foreign parts, when I got tired of my own country. But there was a mistake somewhere; and yet the heat was in my blood, and would show itself somehow. I have heard my mother say that, when I was a baby, I would crawl to the rabbit Warren close to our cottage, and thrust my hands into the holes, just as if I knew. When I was eight, I used to go out with my ferret and a bag, and it wasn't often I came back without something."

"You began early."

"Aye," continued Mark, his eyes twinkling; "there's nothing like practice to make perfect."

"I wonder you were never caught."

"Well, you see, I have had more chances than most. Mr. Carthen, the old gentleman, was an invalid for years, and didn't care about his shooting. He married late in life, too; so that it was years and years, with school and college, before his son came to take his place."

"But since that?"

"Why, I've been lucky, that's all; and, you see, I know every scrap of ground by heart. But it's been a near thing sometimes, I tell you. A little while back, when Mr. Carthen was out himself, they was so close on us that I gave myself up for lost."

"Nat's a good son."

"Yes; he takes care of his father. If he'd forsake me, like that coward, Joe Lay, I should have been in prison at this very minute."

" Didn't the keepers follow you home?"

"Yes; but they came to a stop, at Lansdown Point, and that saved us."

"Do you know what people say about the Point?"

"No," replied old Mark, in a tremulous whisper. "What is it?"

"That the place is haunted."

"Haunted?"

"Yes."

"Do you mean the ghosts are seen there?"

The old man's voice was so broken and odd that Herbert wondered, as he answered, "I don't believe in ghosts myself, but that is what people are saying."

"What is it that they are supposed to see, then?"

"A man's figure leaning against the tree that bends over the pool."

"Ah! And what is he doing there?"

"Sometimes he has a spade in his hand, and seems to be digging. At others, he stands perfectly still, with a white, awful face turned up to the sky."

"Whose ghost is it called?"

"James Flax's."

"It's all stories and rubbish," exclaimed Mark, almost firmly. "I never saw anything there I couldn't account for in a natural kind of way. Joe Lay is fond of hanging about the Point, and he may have been there late of nights, for aught I know; but, as to ghosts, it's only fools as believe that the dead rise up out of their graves to scare the living."

"I think I should always like to see any one I had loved."

"No, no, Master Herbert! As many living folks as you please, but no dead 'uns! I'm not easily frightened, I can tell you, but just the hint of a ghost takes my breath away, and makes me as weak as a child. And so you've took to poaching," he added, by way of changing the subject. "I don't want to say anything unkind, but you'll never be anything of a hand. You've begun too late in life, and, only to note the way you set about it, any one may see your heart's far away. Go back, Master Herbert; there's time yet, and this isn't the place for such as you. Miss Milly will be beside herself if you get into trouble."

"It's for her sake I am here," answered Herbert, in a broken voice.

"When she has learnt to hate me, I need come no more."

"Hush! father," exclaimed Nat.

"Barton says he bears voices on the Point."

"It's the keepers then," replied old Mark, with a faint shiver, not at the news, but at the place.

"You creep closer, Nat, will you, and bring us word?"

"Let me go. You remember what I asked."

"Nat understands—"

"There is nothing to understand; I have only to creep through the bushes and hear what they are saying. Surely, I can do that."

"Well, then, go; but mind you are cautious."

"Never fear," replied he, and was gone.

A silence of suspense and expectation fell on the little group after this. Herbert had begged this post because he hoped it might bring him into danger. But he had an odd sense of aversion to his task, as he crept stealthily through the bushes, until he came to the edge of the wood, that was nearest to Lansdown Point.

Here he paused, and taking a handful of the bare branches, swung them aside and looked through. The moon was not very bright, but there was light enough to see, quite plainly, the figures of four men, amongst whom he recognized Joe Lay. Then there was treachery afloat. The man had very early confirmed old Mark's accusation, and turned informer; for Herbert could see him pointing in the direction from which he had just come, as if to indicate where the poachers might be found.

This was enough for Herbert. He turned at once to old Mark. "They'll be on us in two minutes," he said. "I saw Joe Lay telling them where to find us."

The old man clenched his fist and ground a curse between his set teeth.

"I knew he was no good from the first, only Nat took up with him so ready. A coward is never to be trusted, you may depend. But let him have a care, I know a secret that will hang him easy; and though I'm not fond of telling tales, he shan't go free if we suffer."

"But what is to be done now?"

"Why, we won't give in," answered the old man, sturdily. "How many of them was there, Master Herbert?"

"Three keepers and Joe Lay."

The old poacher's eyes flashed fire.

"I should like to get him within reach of my arm for one minute. I ain't so strong as I was, but it would come hard if I couldn't make him smart for awhile. I propose we stand our ground. There's live of us to their four, and if they come on us, we can fight our way through. I don't much fancy being balked again after our ill luck lately."

"No," said Nat; "we won't go back empty-handed. Let them come if they like. Now we know we shall be ready for them at any minute; and if we keep our faces muffed, I don't see how they can swear to us."

"That's right, Nat!" answered his father, approvingly. "The more danger, the better sport."

It was impossible to help admiring the old man's courage and resolution.

"Come on, lads," he whispered; "we'll pay them out!" And mind, no firing, unless to save your life! There's been mischief enough done already. If it comes to a fight, you needn't make shelter for me. Though I was sixty-five last birthday, I think I can take one man to myself, and keep him going, even if I don't floor him. Master Herbert!"

He lowered his voice to the faintest whisper that the words might only reach him.

"Well, Mark?"

"Skip behind and get away. We may have a tough night of it, and Miss Milly would be broken-hearted if any harm came to you. I'll make it all right with the others."

"No, Mark!"

"Now, do! Your mother was good to my wife when she was dying, and I don't want to repay it by getting you into trouble."

"It wouldn't be your fault, anyhow. I am doing all this with my eyes open."

"They'll say it was my fault."

"But you'll know better yourself, Mark, which is all that signifies."

"I wouldn't like even the name of such an act."

"And yet you take Nat with you?"

"Nat is my own to do what I like with; and besides, you wouldn't have him forsake his old father, would you?"

Being there himself, Herbert could not well lecture old Mark; he simply said, "Nat is a fine hearted fellow and deserves a better fate."

"What do you mean?" inquired the old man, with a shudder; and he thought of his dream.

"I mean that we may like this lawless life so well as not be able to settle to any other."

"Whist?"

"What is it?"

"They are moving," he whispered softly back.

"We had better get on in front of them. Nat knows where the traps are and can take the lead, whilst we cover his movements, as well as we are able. Keepers on no keepers, I don't mean to say only care."

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"What is it?"

"They are moving," he whispered softly back.

"We had better get on in front of them. Nat knows where the traps are and can take the lead, whilst we cover his movements, as well as we are able. Keepers on no keepers, I don't mean to say only care."

"And yet you take Nat with you?"

"Nat is my own to do what I like with; and besides, you wouldn't have him forsake his old father, would you?"

Being there himself, Herbert could not well lecture old



Saturday Evening, Oct. 3, 1874.

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## BOYS.

A boy is a piece of existence quite separate from all things else, and deserves a separate chapter in the natural history of man. From the time that a boy becomes a boy until he is a young man he is in an anomalous condition, for which there is no special place assigned in nature. They are always in the way. They are always doing something to call down rebuke. They are inquisitive as monkeys, and meddlesome just where you don't wish them to be. Boys have a period of mischief as much as they have measles or chicken-pox. They invade your drawers, mix up your tooth-powder with hair-oil, pull your laces and collars from their repositories, upset your ink upon invaluable manuscript, tear up precious letters, scatter your wafers, stick everything up with experimental sealing was, and spoil all your pens in the effort at spoiling all your paper.

Boys! What are they good for? It is an unfathomable mystery that we come to our manhood through the wilderness of boyhood. They are always wanting something they must not have, going where they ought not to be, coming where they are not wanted, saying the most awkward things at the most critical times. They will tell lies, and, after infinite pains to teach them the obligations of truth, they give us the full benefit of frankness and liberality by blurted out before company a whole budget of family secrets. Would you take a quiet rest? Slap! bang! go a whole bevy of boys through the house. Has the nervous baby at length, after all manner of singing, trotting, and maternal bosom opiate, just fallen asleep? Be sure an unmannly boy will be on hand to bawl out for permission to do something or other which he has been doing all day without dreaming of leave.

Are we, then, not on the boys' side? To be sure we are. It is not their fault that they are boys, nor that older people are not patient.

The restless activity of boys is their necessity. To restrain it is to thwart Nature. We need to provide for it. Not to attempt to find amusement for them, but to give them opportunity to amuse themselves.

## WOMEN'S FRIENDSHIPS.

Probably there are few women who have not had some first friendship, as delicious and almost as passionate as first love. It may not last—it seldom does; but at the time it is one of the purest, most self-forgetting and self-denying attachments that the human heart can experience; with many, the newest approximation to that feeling called love—we mean love in its highest form, apart from all selfishness and senselessness—which in all their afterlives they will ever know. This girlish friendship, however fleeting in its character, and romantic, even silly, in its manifestations, let us take heed how we make light of, lest we be mocking at things more sacred than we are aware.

And yet it is not the real thing—not friendship, but rather a kind of fore-shadowing of love; as jealous, as exacting, as unreasoning—as wildly happy and supremely miserable; ridiculously so to a looker-on, but to the parties concerned, as vivid and sincere as any after-passion into which the girl may fall; for the time being, perhaps long after, coloring all her world. Yet it is but a dream, to melt away like a dream when it appears; or if it then wishes to keep up its vitality at all, it must change its character, temper its exacting, resign its rights; in short, be buried and come to life again in a totally different form. Afterwards, should Laura and Matilda, with a house to mind and husband to fuss over, find themselves actually kissing the babies instead of one another—and managing to exist for a year without meeting, or a month without letter-writing, yet feel life no blank, and affection a reality still—then their attachment has taken its true shape, as friendship, shown itself capable of friendship's distinguishing feature—namely, tenderness without appropriation; and the women, young or old, will love one another faithfully to the end of their lives.

EDUCATION.—Some suppose that every learned man is an educated man. No such thing. That man is educated who knows himself, and takes accurate common sense views of men and things around him. Some very learned men are the greatest fools in the world; the reason is they are not educated men. Learning is only the means, not the end; its value consists in giving the means of acquiring, the use of which, properly managed, enlightens the mind.

THE saddest parting in the world is with one's last dollar. And the poor fellow's misery is not usually alleviated by the sympathy of the man to whom he pays it.

## A GOOD NIGHT.

BY ARMANDA W. DOWDOLAR.

Snatch out your hand through softest dusk,  
The twilight-felt softness,  
The birds with low, round, homeward songs  
Melt the purple evening air.

The dew made sweet the strawberries,  
The dew made sweet the strawberries,  
And with it all come half wrought dream,  
A memory—in it none or thine?

Slow walking in a little world,  
Apart from all the common ways;  
I seem to feel the friendly clasp,  
That rounds with unforcedness the days.

Yet eyes look out with light,  
Garnished with kisses dropping now.

The sweetest one said with "Good night."

STUDIES FROM MY WINDOW.

BY H. WATSON FLEMING.

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BOILED ALIVE!

was his duty to comfort and protect her; how liable the blind were to cling only to one, seeing with him all that is bright and beautiful, and in his absence seeing nothing, hoping for nothing. I explained how the features of her beloved would be familiar to her vision by the touch; how the sound of his voice would awaken all the imagery of a fanciful nature, without which life was a dreary void.

Young Walter had always loved her, he said; had vainly sought her new abode; had longed to comfort her, and would have married her, hoping in time to win forgiveness from his parents.

He went to her, and her life was saved! At the first sound of his voice the effect was magical. Her features relaxed, a glad smile overspread her pale face; she threw herself into his arms and wept joyfully.

The blind girl and her sister no longer pass my window on their daily wandering, but they are often welcome visitors in my little room. It is pleasant, although somewhat sad, to note the glad way in which Minnie's sightless orbs turn first to her husband's face, and then seem to glean even light itself from the bright blue laughing eyes of the baby in her arms.

## BOILED ALIVE!

A CRUSTACEAN HORROR.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES.

"Curly, my son, you talk like a fresh-man. Listen, oh youth, to the teachings of age and experience. I boldly assert, Goggie to the contrary, notwithstanding, that lobster salad eaten at night, has no evil effects on the human interior, but rather creates delicious slumbers—soft and soothed mental creations, and—

"But, Jack, old fellow, Goggie just said—"

"No buts about it. Goggie is an ass. Come to my room to-night, and test for yourself the truth of the assertion."

Thus, rather dictatorily, my dear old friend and college chum, Jack French—a recognized authority in our class on all disputed topics—discoursed as we left the recitation-room at the conclusion of old Professor Goggie's lecture; and the result was I agreed to sup with Jack that very night, and test who was right. Arriving a little in advance of the appointed time, I found Jack busily engaged in dissecting a lobster.

"Make yourself useful as well as ornamental, Curly—cut the salad," pointing to the fine bunches of crisp, frosty lettuce "carefully, not too large, so; while I finish with these beauties. You cannot know what fatherly care I watched old Mother Belcher give these fellows their hot bath this morning."

The respectable female, so familiarly referred to, had the care of Jack's room.

"By the by, Jack, I wonder how they feel being boiled alive?"

"Ah! can't say, never having passed through that painful ordeal; but I can tell you how they act, ha! ha! They squeak like young pigs, in a tenor, shrill tone, and then they open their claws and spread out their tails like a fan, grow red in the face, then red all over, and end in an upside-down roll in the bubbling, boiling water. Oh! it's beautiful ha! ha!"

Laughed Jack, boisterously. "I'm not surprised at their squeaking, are you?"

"But, come, all's ready; now for our delicious gastronomic indulgence—a good stiff glass of cognac afterwards, a quiet pipe, and then to the refreshing slumbers I promised you."

Well, about two o'clock, after another "night-cap," we swore eternal friendship, said good-night half a dozen of times, and I went to bed.

It might have been two hours later, say four A. M., when I thought some body was pouring hot oil down my neck. I tried to get up—to kick, but my legs refused to move, and then a horrible vision appeared to me.

Methought I was awake, and two juvenile lobsters, flapping their tails, sat on my breast, ever and anon crawling up to my face and playfully, only playfully, pinching my nose with their claws. In vain I endeavored to cast them from me, but no sooner did I take hold of one than he slipped through my fingers like an eel.

"You had better lie quiet," squeaked the youngest and smallest, in a most insolent tone. "You've no power over us; we are rapidly growing larger; ere long we shall be strong enough to carry you off!"

Oh, horror of horrors! Carry me off!

"Where?" I exclaimed.

"Ha! ha! you'll soon see!" and they instantly appeared to grow larger and larger, until they rolled off with a heavy crash and soon stood erect by my bedside, on their tails.

They now seemed to me to be at least seven feet high, with corresponding giant-like claws, which looked as if they could crush iron.

"Get up, get up," said the larger one, staring at me with his protruding eyes. "Get up and come with us—hurry!"

"But, for goodness sake, or for decency's sake," I replied, "allow me to put on my clothes."

"Hush!" was the answer. "We have to slip our clothing periodically, and go about with far less than what you have on now—a shirt."

"Well, it's very cold—let me at least have my drawers."

"Your drawers be—"

I cannot write the word. And as he uttered it, both seized me in their sharp claws and walked me, in my night-shirt, helpless, down between them, out of the window and down a long, muddy lane.

"We do not intend to hurt you much now," exclaimed the smaller.

"But you do hurt me; you—your—hands pinch me fearfully—see the blood."

I had said hands weakly imagining in my agony that I should flatter them by dropping the word "claws."

"Proud!" I echoed. "It is a poor pride that will permit a helpless creature to die without an effort. Will you not inform him of her condition?"

"Do you think it will be well to do so?" the youth answered, accepting my reproach.

"Certainly."

"Then I will humble myself for once," he said. "I will go to him now, sir."

"And I with you, if you will permit me," I added, and together we went in search of the one man who could bring poor Minnie back to health again.

To my surprise, I knew the family well, and, without egotism, I think I contributed much to the successful issue of my narrative. I explained to Walter Landorn's father how terrible it would be if this young girl died; that if the young man had ever cared for her, it

No other sound met my fevered brain till the voice of my unfortunate chum Jack came like an earthquake on my sinking heart; and forthwith I beheld him carried in on the back of an enormous lobster—a dark purple monster about ten feet high—kicking and screaming furiously, while several smaller wretches were vigorously employed pinching him with their claws. Alas! poor fellow; how he did howl, how shrill were his cries for mercy, how he kicked and fought; it was all of no use.

At last he was thrown down on the stone floor, and the largest lobster, in a commanding voice, exclaimed:

"All's ready; it boils hard."

"What?" shrieked Jack, "do you really mean?" looking pitifully at the kettle.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the big scoundrel, "do we really mean?" Of course we mean. Did you ever see a lobster alive? Of course you have seen many a lobster. You express its sensations so perfectly. They squeak like pigs, eh? We shall hear how you squeak, and after you your companion in sin. Ha! ha! and they spread out their tails like a fan, and open their claws and grow red in the face, and then red all over, and end in an upside-down roll in the boiling water. Oh, they do, do they?" said the big brute, quoting Jack's own words; "well, my fine faces are pale enough now, my fine faces are pale enough now, we shall see the effect of boiling."

Conceive my position, as I sat on the nutmeg grater and listened to this speech. With a frantic effort I plucked up courage and exclaimed in a subdued, half-choking voice:

"Good friends, most amiable crustaceans ladies and gentlemen, you really mean?"

"O, spare him—"

"Ye—yes, spare me, my good fellow. I swear in future to respect your race,"

I muttered poor Jack. "I'll never again eat lobster-salad. I renounce it forever. I'll have an act of Assembly passed providing that lobsters can no longer be considered as food for the human race."

"Oh, bosh and gammon, it won't do, it's too gauncy, time flies. Let's put him in, let's hear



## COURT ETIQUETTE.

BY F. A. WILSON.

A certain giant being out at elbows went to Court to find employment; and all the Court would have laughed at him had they dared, he cut such a queer figure, with his long beard, and his great pipe that he was forever smoking. The King, however, thought it no laughing matter, for here was a fellow that could kick over his palace if he happened to get in a rage; and what in the world could they find for this great clumsy monster to do? So he called all the wise men in the kingdom, and they sat in the council hall, and looked very solemn for seven days, but said never a word.

At the end of that time, the Princess, the King's only daughter, who was exceedingly silly, came tripping into the hall:

"La!" said she, "what a great fuss you make over nothing! I can settle the matter. I want a page in buttons, and he is precisely the proper person. I will take him into my service."

"Exactly!" said all the wise men altogether. "That is just what we were going to propose when her Royal Highness took the words out of our mouth;" although nobody but such a foolish girl as the Princess would ever have thought of making a giant twenty-five feet high a page in buttons.

The King, however, could see no other way out of the difficulty; so he sent for a tailor, and the tailor resting a ladder on the giant's shoulder, went upon it and took his measure. It required many yards of cloth, you may be sure, to make a suit for this astonishing page, and a whole cartload of buttons; for you see they had buttons all over the jacket, and on his cap and sleeves, and they would have had one on his nose, I believe, if they could have sewed one on. When the suit was finished, the giant, who was very stupid, as most giants are, thought, however, that he never looked so well in his life; and his silly mistress being very vain of a page twenty-five feet high, took him with her when she called on the other ladies of rank who were her neighbors; and these ladies, thinking that they had never seen anything so ridiculous, giggled behind their fans, while they pretended to admire him, and said, "Dear Princess, we really envy you. There never was anything so fine as your page."

At last one of the ladies, more malicious than the rest, said to the Princess:

"Now that you have your page, you have all that a Princess can possibly require, with the exception of one thing."

"What is that?" asked the Princess.

"You should get the King, your father, to make a law," replied the lady,

"that no one except the Lady High Fiddlestick, the Dame of the Slippers, and the Queen, your mother, shall touch so much as your hand, on pain of instant death. You are too great a Princess to be approached like a common mortal."

"Why, so I am," said the Princess, "though I never thought of that before."

And home she posted to urge the King

to pass this admirable law, without which she was fully persuaded she could no longer exist. The King and his Court, having nothing better to do, were quite ready to gratify her; therefore a decree was posted on all the trees and fences making it high treason for any one but the Queen, the Lady High Fiddlestick and the Dame of the Slippers, to touch even the Princess' hand, under any circumstances. The Princess now thought herself the grandest and happiest of human beings; and though every one was laughing at her stupidity, it made no difference to her, since she heard nothing of it.

Now the Princess had a habit of walking out every morning, followed by her huge page in buttons; and one fine day, coming to a great quaking bog, the Princess grew very curious to see what was on the other side of it.

"But your Royal Highness can't cross it," said the giant; "you will sink."

"A common person might sink," said the Princess, disdainfully, "but a Princess can't sink, especially in her own territory. This land belongs to me, and should know its duty better than to let me sink."

"Oh, of course," said the giant; "for even his stupidity was not quite sure whether the bog would make the distinction between a princess and a peasant girl; and after a step or two he said, turning back, "Royal mistress, don't you think you had better let me carry you over? You will get your slippers muddy."

"Not for the world," the Princess,

much shocked. "Have you forgotten that it is high treason to touch me?"

So holding up her trail, and trying to keep her slippers on, she began to pick her way across; but first she tore her gown, and then she lost one slipper and then the other, and then she stuck fast.

"Royal mistress," bellowed the giant, "don't you think I had better pull you out?"

"You stupid idiot!" cried the Princess, crossly, "haven't I told you it is high treason to touch me? Run it for the Queen."

Now went the giant, three steps at a time, and, coming to the Court in a mighty bustle, asked for the Queen; but alas! she had gone on a ten days' journey; and instead of telling anybody his errand, the stupid fellow posted back to the quagmire, where the Princess by this time had sunk to her waist.

"Princess," said the giant, "the Queen, your mother, has gone on a ten days' journey."

"Mercy on us!" gasped the Princess, "run for the Lady High Fiddlestick."

Away trotted the giant four steps at a time, and, coming to the Court, found every one there in a bustle.

"Get a doctor," screamed one, "and bandages," said another, "and water and splints," and "oh, dear, dear!" sighed a third, "to think that a Lady High Fiddlestick should trip her foot on a vulgar, nasty stone, and break her arm! If I were King I would order every stone removed from the kingdom."

Back ran the giant five steps at a time.

"The Lady High Fiddlestick has just broken her arm, your Royal Highness."

"My stars!" cried the Princess, who had sunk to her neck, "get the Dame of the Slippers."

"Don't you think I had better pull you out, if it is high treason?" asked the giant.

"No, no! you mustn't—you can't—you shan't," squeaked the Princess. "Go quick, you booby, and do as you are told."

Off raced the giant, ten steps at a time, but when he came to Court everybody said, "Sah! sah! don't make such a noise; the Dame of the Slippers has just died."

Back galloped the giant with all his might, and made such good speed that he got to the bog just in time to see the tip of her bonnet going under the mud.

"Oh, what a pity! what a great pity!" sighed the giant, "that it would have been high treason to pull her out."

A TRUE STORY, WITH A FAIRY IN IT.

BY MYRTLE BLOSSOM.

"Oh, gran'ma, if I had but one little piece of all this treasure what a glad girl I should be!"

Little Rose Darton stood at the corner of two streets, holding fast to her grandmother's hand, while she gazed with wide-open eager eyes into a jeweler's window, rich with gold and silver articles, which seemed to her an inexhaustible mine of wealth. It was a dreary night in December, and the chilly wind, carrying the snowflakes hither and thither, blew her hair in golden tangles all about her little white face.

"You will never have that, Rosie," said the pitiful, quavering voice of her old grandmother. "Let us go home now."

"Oh, but the splendor, gran'ma! Don't you know to-morrow is my birthday? and it seems as if these were fairy palaces, just lighted up for my sake! Do let us linger a little yet!"

"Fairy palaces are not for you or me, child, and this bitter cold is going through me."

When her grandmother said that, Rosie hastened her steps, holding her breath as she passed by the beautiful window, the breath that came over her pale little lips was the breath of desire, so hard for a child to control. She did not seem to feel the cold that night, perhaps because the wind of adversity had been blowing cold upon her young life ever since she could remember. And then, too, her heart was so warm with the fire of sweet fancies! But the heart in Rosie's body was a tender one, and at the shiver which ran through her grandmother's frame she tightened her hold on the withered hand, hurrying more swiftly along the snowy footpath.

They were soon out of the city, the snow like a cloud about them, the bright lights fading like a dream in the distance, and their home, poor and cheerless though it was, a friendly sight. They reached the door, and went in. It was but a poor shelter against the bitter storm, the two little rooms in the midst of the wide, desolate common; but Rosie barred the door, lighted a fire of wood and coal, and put a new candle in the iron candlestick; then she crept close to her grandmother's feet before the fire.

Her grandmother was the only friend Rosie had in the world, and Rosie was the one treasure her grandmother had left; so that the love they gave each other was undivided.

"Aren't you going to bed, Rosie?" her grandmother asked, at length, "while the room is warm? Maybe you'll have happy dreams before the dawn."

"No," said Rosie, shaking her head till the curls tumbled about her face again; "you must tell me a story first. Let it be of the summer time you used to know when you were little, like me."

"Little, like you! Ah, Rosie, child, what was such a long time ago that it makes me dizzy to look back to! But I dream sometimes of a brighter summer time, when I shall leave this worn-out house, drop off these wrinkles and gray hairs, and be at home with pleasant gardens with the river of life flowing through!"

Rosie looked up in amazement as the English dear voice dropped into silence; but there was a smile on the wrinkled face, and a glow, like that of the morning, over the gray pallor of the sunken cheeks.

"Ah," thought Rosie to herself, "if I might only get there, too, where it is always summer!"

And she shivered, for the wood had burned out, and the coals were turning to ashes. But there was a tiny glow on one corner of the hearthstone; and, almost as if her thought had answered itself, a low voice like music rose from the midst of the ashes.

Rosie looked again, rubbing her eyes to be sure she was awake; and there before her, in plain sight, was the prettiest little creature your brightest fancy can paint. She had blue eyes, and a golden halo about her head; so that Rosie could not tell where the gold of her hair faded into the gold of the atmosphere which surrounded her.

"How came you here?" asked Rosie, softly.

"All her lifetime I have lived in your dear grandmother's heart," said the dear little fairy, in her musical voice, "Now the spark of her life is gone out, and I am waiting to know if you will let me stay with you."

"But who are you?" cried Rosie, in amazement.

"You wished but a minute ago," continued the fairy, "that you could go where your grandmother is gone. I am the Fairy of Kind Words and Generous Deeds, and if you take me into your heart, I can show you the way, and help you to get there."

"But who are you?" cried Rosie, with a sudden sweet resolution.

And then, somehow, before she knew it, in some mysterious way the door of her heart swung open and the beautiful fairy slipped in. Rosie felt her heart grow warm and satisfied; and hiding her sleepy eyes on her grandmother's cold knees she fell asleep, while the candle, too, burned down to a little spark and went out.

In the morning, a rich lady was riding by in her carriage, all covered with soft fur robes, and discovered little Rose through the half-open door, which the wind had torn from its fastenings.

Moved with pity, she took her to her own luxurious home, which was bright with everything but children's faces, accepting her for her own little daughter.

There the fairy stayed with little Rose Darton, until she, too, grew old. She died, until the wise fairy's monitors, dealing out boundlessly the comforts which had so strangely come to her, the poor and unfortunate for miles around; so that every voice lifted as she went by called her blessed, and every step she took was a step towards that beautiful summer land, where her dear old grandmother had gone.

## THE RETURN.

BY JULIA O. BENNETT.

I have waited for thy coming  
Through the long and weary years;  
I have listened for thy footsteps,  
And have quenched the rising tears,  
As unworthy of thy trust.

I have daily watched the sunrise,  
And my heart would grow so light,  
As a sweet hope would softly whisper,  
"He may come before the night,  
Casts his shadow o'er the earth."

I have prayed for thee at midnight,  
With slow tread and still tread,  
And the stars would look with pity,  
As my anguish seem to fill  
All the balmy, summer air.

But the darkness now has vanished,  
With its hours of doubt and fear,  
And the future gladdly beckons,  
As my loved one draweth near  
To the heart that loves him well.

DOWLAH,  
THE SNAKE-CHARMER!OR,  
THE MAID OF CAWNPOOR.

A Mystery of India Beyond the Ganges.

BY ORPHNIA E. GARNETT.

[This serial was commenced in No. 6, Vol. 8. Back numbers can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

## CHAPTER XV.

With slow tread and still tread,  
He scans the tented line;  
And he counts the battery guns  
With his slow tread and still tread,  
Give no warning sign. —Finch.

A dark, sulphurous cloud hung over the Cawnpoor entrenchments, and the early morning air was hot and suffocating. The pounding of the mutineers' guns, the rattle of their musketry, and the wild, ear-splitting yell of the Sepoys, were silent for the time. There is a limit to all human endurance, and these swarthy hounds were so exhausted that they needed rest and sleep no less than the wretched defenders themselves.

Just as it was growing light on Wednesday morning, June 24th, the English sentry within the entrenchments observed a figure approaching from the direction of the mutineers, and which, as a consequence, had been permitted to pass under range of their guns without drawing their fire. The figure came boldly forward, walking straight toward the sentry, who raised his musket, and commanded "Halt!"

A short distance only separated the two, and the soldier saw that instead of a man, a well-dressed female of half caste, as it is termed, stood before him. In answer to the demand as to what her business was, she replied without the least appearance of trepidation:

"I am the bearer of a message from Nana Dhoonda Pent, Peishwa, to General Wheeler, offering him terms for the surrender of this place."

Ordering the female to remain where she was, word was sent to the commanding officer, stating the import of the message. General Wheeler returned

an answer by the female, in shape of a request that the Nana, or some one in his behalf, should come to the entrenchments, in order that the terms of the capitulation might be formally agreed upon; the messenger departed, and no more was seen of her during the day, nor of any other messenger from the rebel commander.

But there was no doubt of the surrender taking place. All firing upon the part of the mutineers had ceased, and it was evident that preparations were going on among them to receive the submission of the defenders who had defied them so long.

The excitement among the English was undemonstrative, but it was of the most intense character. All felt that they had at last approached the most critical period in their lives. If the Nana chose, he could carry the place by storm; before attempting which he had sent a formal summons to surrender, and admitted his readiness to offer terms.

What would those terms be, was the all important question that was agitated. The men gathered in groups and discussed the situation, the women approached the well, and drew water with fear of harm; even the sick and wounded, in many cases, raised themselves, and indulged in speculations upon the one absorbing theme.

As the Nana had sent word that he would give terms, the very least that he could do was to pledge himself to spare the lives of the prisoners, and to insure considerate treatment to the women and children. Less than this, of course, would be no terms at all.

Some uneasiness was felt at the delay of the Nana. The English watched the movements of the Sepoys through their glasses, but could not detect any signs of excitement. The men seemed simply to be resting, or rather waiting the command to renew the fire, and as the Nana's headquarters were in the rear and out of sight, it could only be conjectured what was going on there.

General Wheeler was quite cheerful and hopeful at the turn affairs had taken. He considered himself fortunate in having secured the demand of the Nana, instead of first offering to capitulate. He believed it placed matters in a better shape, as the Rajah would be more likely to grant more liberal conditions.

Captain Moore, of the Thirty-second Bengal Grenadiers, was deputed by General Wheeler to meet the messenger of Nana Sahib, and to arrange the terms of the capitulation. This officer, it will be remembered, was among the most daring of the defenders in the entrenchments.

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Azimoolah, by name, was seen approaching with a retinue of rebel troops. He advanced within a short distance of the defences, when he halted, and Captain Moore walked out to where he was waiting.

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[October 8, 1874]

Then stand to your guns, ready!  
We drop here our commando! says:  
One up in the dead already!  
March for the next that lies!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Out off from the land that lies,  
To the land we fled,  
When the brigands are gone before us,  
And the bullets are left behind.  
Stand! stand to your guns, steady!  
The all is in the rear!  
The one is in the dead already!  
March for the next that lies!

When the lunch, if such it may be termed, was finished, a number produced their pikes and proceeded to light and smoke, with the same apparent indifference as if seated by their own fireside in merry England, thousands of miles away. But the soldiers were not as indifferent nor reckless as they seemed to be. They had taken every precaution possible to protect themselves from the bullets that continued to fall about them; and they succeeded, after some difficulty, in providing quite an ingenious and effective shelter against the musketry of the mutineers.

And thus drifting down the Ganges, with the merciless wretches watching with the utmost vigilance, the first chance to shoot their lives away, the little band of English soldiers sang the old song that they had sung so often in the Cawnpore entrenchments, "Annie Laurie."

There was something in the time and surroundings so impressive in this performance, and at the same time so characteristic, that the Sepoys themselves were struck, and the firing almost instantly ceased until the song was finished, when a spiteful volley was sent in, if to make amends for the time lost.

Thus the long summer night wore away, and the morning dawned with the men quite hopeful of ultimate escape. They were too old campaigners not to use all the senses at their command, and thus it was that just at daybreak they saw a large gun upon the bank near Nussipur, the gunners evidently waiting for them, with the infantry still following on both sides, nothing remained except to run the gauntlet, and this they did with the same coolness and courage that had characterized them all through their trying ordeal; the balls flew wide of the mark, and they proceeded on their way, with the infantry still following and firing.

Thus the second day and a greater part of the night passed away, and everything promised well for a safe deliverance, when to their dismay, in rounding a bend in the river, their boat ran aground, the prow remaining so deeply in the mud that it was impossible to remove it. Directly any one got into the water, they were fired upon and shot down at once.

"Let's charge them, boys!" exclaimed Lieutenant Delafosse, and fourteen of the men dashed through the water and up the bank after the Sepoys, who scattered pell-mell in every direction.

In their impetuosity the men followed them too far, and found their retreat to the river cut off, so that they in turn were compelled to retire to avoid being surrounded.

Approaching the river by a detour a mile further down, they found still a large force in front. Whereupon they fired a volley into them, and rushed for a temple standing near by, with the rebels in pursuit. The latter succeeding in killing one and in wounding another before they secured the shelter of the temple, where the lieutenant and his men supposed they were safe for the present.

Within the temple, they stationed themselves near the door and fired upon every mutineer who showed himself. After this had continued some time, the Sepoys seemed to comprehend that there was but one way in which to dislodge the hated English. They gathered a large quantity of wood, which was heaped up all around the temple, and fired.

This was more than the fugitives had counted upon, and it looked very much as if they were caught in a fatal trap. They stood where they were until almost strangled with the smoke; they gathered together, made a dash through the fire itself, and reached outside without losing one of their number.

There were too many of the howling wretches around to think of remaining to fight, and the whole dozen ran with might and main for the river, with the entire horde chasing and firing into them. Five were killed, so that only seven succeeded in plunging into the water, and these had swam but a short distance when two more were shot, the artillerists kept wading into the river and firing at them from the bank—but they proved such miserable marksmen that no further serious injury was inflicted.

This fusilade was kept up for two or three miles, when one of the fugitives became so wearied that he turned upon his back to swim in that fashion, and before any one noticed the direction he was taking, he had gone so close to the shore that he was killed.

The four soldiers who were left, continued floating and swimming down the river for several miles further, when the firing suddenly ceased and the Sepoys withdrew, perhaps with their ammunition exhausted. While the poor fellows were debating whether to land or continue further, some natives approached from the Oude side and called to them to land, promising protection. Unable to continue further, the four men struggled ashore and gave themselves up.

They were taken six miles inland to a rajah, friendly to the English, who gave them food and treated them with the greatest kindness. On the last day of July the four started for Alahabad, but had gone only ten miles when they encountered a detachment of the Eighty-fourth Regiment, which they joined and returned to Cawnpore.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

There was  
In faith on Him, and these shall never find  
Him disappointed, or reliance vain.

—Coates.

The second act of the dark Cawnpore tragedy is close at hand.

Officers and soldiers had all been cut down with the sword or shot while fighting for life against overwhelming numbers, and the women and children, numbering something over two hundred, were crowded into a small building, for safety attached to the medical department of the European troops, and which was known by the name of Subeda Kothee.

Here they were allowed to remain several days, suffering intensely from want, sickness, heat, thirst and lack of food. It seemed to be the wish of Nana Sahib to stay all of these, but there is reason to believe that he was actuated by several motives in sparing their lives. In the first place, he knew that the old

king of Delhi would prefer that none but the males should be slain, and the Rajah was very desirous of gaining his good opinion. Then he was well aware that the order which he had committed was such as to insure him the most terrible retribution in case he should be driven to the wall by the English, and he saw that with these females held as hostages, it would be an easy matter to compel his conquerors to spare his life; and lastly, there were many comely women among the group, whom he was desirous of keeping for himself and favorite counsellors.

"Where is this to end?" Cora Wilson asked herself, as she sat weary, helpless and wretched, in one corner of the dimly lighted Subeda Kothee, looking out upon the miserable group around her.

"Can it be that I am still in the possession of my mind?" she said, really doubtful whether or not her reason still retained its throne.

"I am sure that that long, delightful voyage in the Nautilus, with darling Ned; those promenades along the deck, with the soft moonlight shining down upon us, and the face of the ocean like a mirror—I am sure that that is all reality. Then our parting in Calcutta, oh! how I wish that were not real, but some unpleasant dream from which I might soon awake; then the long, wretched ride, by car and boat and carriage, until the Snake-Charmier left me within the Cawnpore entrenchments, just as they were upon the eve of surrendering.

"How the later, and more awful vision creeps upon me," she added, in a hushed, awe-stricken whisper; "the surrender, the miles and a half ride from the entrenchments to the steps on the banks of the Ganges, with the elephants, Sepoys and the soldiers accompanying us; the embarkation, the treacherous attack, the burning boats, the struggling and fighting and dying in the water, our own recapture and return to this terrible place; the shooting of the brave General Wheeler, and all the men who were with us, our incarceration here—all these make up a picture and experience such as might well unseal the reason of any one.

"It is a hard dispensation," she continued, looking around the room; "it would seem that the cup of our misery is full to overflowing. There sits Miss Wheeler, all alone, father, mother and two sisters dead within the last two days. Yet why should I be miserable, when I look upon her, or upon those others, who have lost husbands, brothers, children by the cruelty of these heartless, terrible people. Thank God! that I am alone here, with not even dear Ned in danger; but if I could see him long enough to bid him good-bye, I could die content."

They received better treatment than heretofore, but a general impression prevailed that the only emergence from this place would be through the Shadowy Valley. It could not be expected that the majority, after enduring such suffering and personal affliction in the death of so many of their relatives, could accomplish nothing. But where was Dowlah? Was he powerless to befriend her? Could not his ingenuous mind devise some means of extricating her? Had he already ventured as far as his pledge to Captain Livingston required?

These were the questions which the girl constantly put to herself, and which she could only answer in a hopeless way. She believed he would come; she expected him, and she was not disappointed.

The unspeakably dreary days had worn by, and it was now near the close of the second week in July. The Subeda Kothee was such a secure building that the only sentinels needed were one or two in front. These, of course, were changed at certain times, and whenever a new one came upon duty, Cora Wilson gradually recovered her composure, in the hope that she might discover her friend, but she saw nothing of him, and was about to give up in despair, when, one evening, just as it was growing dusk, her heart was thrilled by the sight of Dowlah, who, relieving the guard on duty, took his place.

It was, indeed, the Snake-Charmier, with a musket on his shoulder, pacing quietly back and forth, as though waiting the time when permission should be given to put every one of the helpless women and children to death.

Cora carefully picked her way among her companions until she had crept as near as possible, when she paused and watched them. Finally Cora, who was intently watching his countenance, saw his dark eyes gleam furiously toward her as he passed in front of the open door.

"He is looking for me," was the thought which thrilled her bosom.

She was twenty feet distant, and they had been forbidden under penalty of death to venture nearer the door, but she overstepped the limit and pronounced a cautious undertone the one word, "Dowlah."

The Snake-Charmier turned his eye, but not his head, and made not the slightest deviation in his gait. Slight as was the evidence, the girl was satisfied that he recognized the situation and she anxiously awaited his next movement. The situation, in case he was making ready to open communication with her, was a peculiarly delicate one, as several Sepoys were lounging within a few feet of him who could see the slightest movement upon his part.

All at once the sentinel seemed to disappear beyond the "dead-line," and suddenly drawing up his musket he took several quick steps towards her, holding the weapon scarcely a foot distant from her bosom, as if he meant to run her through with the bayonet.

"By the Prophet, I would kill you, had not the Nana commanded that you should be kept to serve as one of his wives!"

Cora, really startled by the unexpected action of Dowlah, hastily retreated before his flaming face, and he threw his weapon back in place. As he did so she noticed that something fell from his coat to his feet, and as he started back to his station he managed to give it a neat

twist with his sandal, which flattered it directly against her dress.

It was enough. She knew that it was meant for her, and she managed to secure possession of it without attracting the attention of any one within or without the Subeda Kothee.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CHASED BY TARTARS.

An Adventure in the Shan-Ting-Kiang.

BY BLUE JACKET.

It was during the year 1858 that the allied fleet lay at anchor off the Taku Forts.

Tien-Tsin had been occupied and an entrenched camp formed on the river, the force in the meanwhile waiting im-

patiently for negotiations to be brought to a termination.

The only man-of-war flying the stars and stripes on the station had been ordered to join the fleet, not with the intention of engaging in active operations, but simply to watch the movements and further the purpose of the allies.

It was anything but pleasant lying off the desolate coast, where nothing but muddy water, reedy fields and occasional bands of armed braves (Chinamen) could be seen.

The daily routine of duty became a bore, officers and men moved about the deck with a listless air, but nothing occurred to break up the monotony which preyed heavily upon all.

Tempted by the myriad forms of wild duck, yellow-legged partridges and innumerable wild fowl, Jack Reed, the paymaster, accompanied by Royal Lemar, the junior lieutenant of the American sloop-of-war, left the ship one morning at daylight to engage in a day's sport.

They had been warned by the first lieutenant to keep their weather eyes open and steer clear of the Imperial soldiers.

"The long-tailed scamps know no difference between us and the allies yonder, who bestow a kick upon them whenever an opportunity occurs. They have stirred up all their bad blood, and I tell you, boys, if you value your figure-heads do not go beyond the sound of the ship's bell."

The first lieutenant had been on the station for a number of years—had come in contact with the natives on more than one occasion, and, consequently, was well posted in the treacherous, cringing habits of the Celestials.

Armed with double-barreled guns, the two friends took possession of the dingy, a light, fast-pulling boat, and before the mists of early morning had rolled away they were pulling up the muddy waters of the Tien-Tsin river.

The excitement of the sport, the novelty of new scenes and objects of interest effectively banished from the minds of the young men the words of caution volunteered by the old gray-haired executive.

Royal was pulling the boat, which although provided with a mast and sail, could not be used for the lack of wind. The current was running swiftly against them; wide detours had to be made in order to avoid rocks, sand bars and shoals which appeared to spring up on every side. The pent-up waters of the tributary rushed furiously along, casting showers of spray on high, compelling the paymaster to exercise the utmost skill to steer clear of the dangerous obstacles.

Sheering alongside the bank, the boat was made fast to the trunk of a large tree overhanging the river. Exhausted with the violence of his exertions, the lieutenant declined to pull further up the stream.

"It is too hard work, Jack, using those sculls, upon my word it is. What do you say to a ramble ashore? I see a pile of old ruins across the plain yonder. Perhaps it may be of interest to overhaul them. What do you say?"

"Anything, Lemar, to pass away time."

Shouldering their light sporting guns, they were soon on route for the remains of what once had been an ancient temple. The soil over which they were obliged to traverse was sticky and treacherous. Wild sedge grass grew in detached clumps and bunches of coarse rushes encumbered the wet, soggy ground. As they gained the more elevated land upon which the temple had been built, the earth became hard, firm and unyielding.

Leaping over the debris of stones and decayed woodwork, they penetrated to the innermost recesses of the quaint old relic of a bygone age. Suddenly a cry of alarm from Jack, followed by:

"Run for your life, Lemar, to the boat, the impes are coming!"

The lieutenant, who had been reposing his tired limbs on a little spot of grassy verdure, jumped hastily to his feet, glanced over the broad level country, when a party of vicious looking Tartars, mounted on rugged little ponies, burst suddenly upon his startled vision. Their long spears were in rest, the heavy gingals were unslung, the rough, shaggy ponies had been urged into a gallop, and the party, uttering wild yells, bore rapidly down upon the ruins where the forms of the two officers were plainly revealed to their view.

"Come on, Jack, follow me; as you have not yawn about me to do as part company, or, mark my words, there will be a vacancy amongst the staff officers. Strike out for the boat, old fellow; a stern chase is always a long one, you know."

"But their ponies, Lemar; they will run us down at their leisure, and our bones will bleach in your cursed marsh."

"No they won't, Jack. I don't propose to lose the number of my mess this time. Once we gain the marsh, we will make as good time as the ponies—the mud and mire will bother them."

Clinging desperately to their guns, the two friends darted along the high, dry ridge at the top of their speed, until they had gained a point nearly opposite the spot where they had left the dingy. Full three miles of soft, sedgey land intervened between them and the bank of the river, while in the rear a dozen well-armed soldiers were urging their ponies along at a furious gait, all anxious to have the first blow at the "foreign devils."

The Tartars were forced to swerve from the course they had been pursuing, in order to avoid the somewhat formidable pile of ruins, thereby affording the two officers an opportunity to gain a good start. When the armed band reined up their tough little steeds on the edge of the marsh, their would-be victims were plunging steadily through the mud and water, their eyes fastened upon the distant trunk of the old tree.

A wild yell of rage and hate rang out on the cool air, echoing ominously in the ears of the sportsmen. A clatter and

clash was heard as the entire party urged their ponies into the marsh, the animals plunging furiously as they sank deep into the adhesive mud of the field.

The rapid bang! bang! of the gingals reverberated with a sullen roar along the surface of the country, while the sharp, shrill whistle of the balls made anything but pleasant music in the ears of the fleeing Europeans. The mud and water, together with grass and rushes, had been cut about them on all sides, but Chinamen are at the best, poor marksmen, and no harm had as yet resulted from the furious fusillade brought to bear upon them.

It only served to accelerate their pace, while the Chinamen continued to waste their ammunition in hopes, probably, of bringing either one or the other down.

"They are gaining upon us, Lemar; it's no use. I cannot run another step. I'll stop here, make a stand, and fight it out."

"Hang to it, Jack; don't give up the ship. Another mile and we shall have gained the boat."

"It is impossible, my wind is all gone."

And the poor paymaster, pale and gasping, threw himself behind a bunch of grass and rushes reaching as high as his head. Cocking both barrels of his gun, he turned resolutely towards the Tartars, who were still some distance off.

"Leave me, Lemar, keep on to the boat; there is no use in us both losing our lives. Off with you while you have time."

"When I desert shipmate, I'll enlist as a private in the marine corps," promptly responded the sailor, as he ranged up alongside his friend. "Keep cool, Jack, reserve one barrel, and we may get out of this yet. Here they come—fire!"

Two ringing reports burst forth full in the faces of the mounted Tartars, who were advancing against the two friends in extended order, nourishing their swords and clashing them against the small round shields which every one of them carried on his left arm. They had slung their gingals on their backs, preferring their spears and swords for the mele.

Two of them dropped from the high-backed saddle, well peppered with duck shot, and Lemar, uttering a shout of defiance, charged headlong among the ranks of the mounted Tartars, who were advancing against the two friends in extended order, nourishing their swords and clashing them against the small round shields which every one of them carried on his left arm. They had slung their gingals on their backs, preferring their spears and swords for the mele.

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